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SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883.

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HECTOR BERLIOZ'S REQUIEM.

According to a saying of Carl Maria von Weber's, it would, in most instances, be more advantageous for the public to read dissertations on important new compositions *before* instead of after the performance. When conductor at the Theatre in Prague, Weber himself frequently carried out this idea by enlightening the musical public previous to the first performance of celebrated operas or oratorios, through the instrumentality of longer or shorter newspaper articles, as to the history, character, and most striking particulars of the novelties in question. The approaching first performance, by the Society of the Friends of Music, of Berlioz's celebrated *Requiem* appears to us a very fitting occasion for following Weber's example, and directing our readers' attention to the history of this remarkable composition as well as to its principal characteristics.

As we are all aware, the French July Monarchy was very deficient in fostering liberality with regard to music. On one occasion, however, Louis Philippe's Government departed from its principle of economy, and did so, moreover, in favour of young Hector Berlioz, who had just returned, the recipient of a government stipend, from Rome, and was known merely by his eccentric disposition and his *Sinfonie fantastique*. He was fortunate enough—in the lifetime, too, of the official composers of sacred music, Lesueur and Cherubini—to receive from the Minister of the Interior, Count Gasparin, a commission to compose a *Requiem* intended for the funeral service of the victims of the July Revolution. The Government were to bear the expense of the performance and pay the composer an honorarium of 3,000 francs. But the Minister's star was declining rapidly and his resignation imminent, so the heads of the different departments under him quietly let the matter drop. Berlioz, who had already begun the rehearsals, suddenly received an official intimation that the funeral service would be celebrated without music. Berlioz insisted impatiently on his bond, and even had a very stormy scene with the head of the art-department, when the cannon of the Invalides announced the capture of Constantine. General Damremont had fallen on the occasion, and was to be honoured with a solemn funeral. This came under the department of the Minister of War, General Bernard, who agreed that Berlioz's work should be selected for the service, and performed in the Church of the Invalides. Scarcely, however, was it known that, for this grand official ceremony, the work of an obscure young man had been chosen, than active cabals were got up against him. In the first place, the news threw Cherubini into a fever. For years it had been the custom that a composition by him should be selected for every such event. He must have felt the fact of the preference given to Berlioz as an offensive attack on his dignity and privileges. His pupils leagued themselves together, and Halévy, who enjoyed more consideration among them than any one else immediately went off to Bertin, the proprietor of the *Débat* newspaper, to get up an agitation against Berlioz and in favour of Cherubini. But Bertin and his son, Armand, remained steady in their sympathy for Berlioz, and Cherubini was pacified with the Commander's Cross of the Legion of Honour. A fresh and disagreeable surprise, however, was in store for Berlioz. General Bernard one day informed him that Habeneck, the celebrated conductor of the Conservatory Concerts, would conduct his (Berlioz's) *Requiem*: "You are accustomed, M. Berlioz, to conduct your works yourself, but Habeneck is an old man, and would be much pained at finding himself passed over on this occasion." Berlioz was compelled to submit, though for three years the relations between him and Habeneck had been strained. The day of the performance in the Church of the Invalides, the 5th of December, 1837, arrived; the Princes, Ministers, Peers, and Deputies, the whole press, and a countless multitude, had come together. The event was of decisive importance for all Berlioz's future prospects; a failure might ruin him. This is what happened: at the most dangerous part of the whole work, when in the "Tuba Mirum," four brass bands, stationed in different corners of the building, have to come in suddenly with all their strength, Habeneck laid down his conducting-stick, pulled out his snuff-box, and took a pinch of snuff. But Berlioz was on the watch: rushing to the desk of the absent-minded conductor, he marked with outstretched arms the time, and brought the piece to a

successful conclusion. When, at the last words of the chorus, Habeneck saw it was saved, he said to Berlioz: "My forehead was bathed in a cold perspiration; without you, we should have been lost!" "Yes, I know we should," replied Berlioz, looking him full in the face. Not a word more. In his *Memoirs*, Berlioz expresses suspicion that Habeneck played him the trick on purpose. It is scarcely possible to believe such a serious accusation. Embittered and mistrusting, Berlioz was only too prone to attribute to those who opposed his music every conceivable kind of crime, and we must especially receive with exceptional caution his utterances concerning Cherubini and Habeneck. We pass over the endless difficulties and annoyances he had to undergo, before obtaining his promised honorarium. After the lapse of several months, however, he succeeded in this, also. His first patron, Count Gasparin, was no longer minister, but Berlioz dedicated his *Requiem* to him, for all that.

It must appear strange to everyone well acquainted with Berlioz's art tendencies and idiosyncrasy, that he, above all men, should be inspired to write a *Requiem*. Religious feeling was very imperfectly developed in him, while, on the other hand, painful youthful impressions had permanently and all the more strongly imbued him with aversion bordering upon hate to anything like orthodox religion. When, after hard struggles and deprivations, he informed his parents he had made up his mind to devote himself to music, his pious mother, for whom music, the stage, and eternal damnation, were synonymous terms, was worked up to such a pitch of desperation, that she hurled her curse at his head, fled to a distant country-house, and was not seen again till he had started for Paris. It was, he says in his *Memoirs*, these fearful scenes which principally contributed to fill him all his life with hatred of religious gloom and pious superstition. It is furthermore a remarkable fact that he wrote his *Requiem* at the outset of his career—it is his fifth work—whereas no other modern composer of this religious subject, from Mozart to Verdi, even thought of it till towards the close. Yet Berlioz calls the text of the *Requiem* "booty for which he had long yearned." When it at length fell to him, he rushed at it with a kind of madness, and completed his task with a rapidity quite unusual in him. "My head," he writes, "seemed as though it would burst under the pressure of the ideas welling up within it. The plan of one piece was not sketched out before that of another forced itself upon me. The impossibility of writing rapidly enough was the cause of my inventing stenographic signs, which proved of great assistance to me. Composers know what torture and despair spring from the fact that certain thoughts escape the memory for ever, because one has not time to write them down instantaneously."

What it was which impelled Berlioz, a composer of the most impassioned nature, to select the *Requiem*, of all subjects in the world, was not its sacred importance, its religious inspiration, but its incomparable dramatic animation. What Berlioz wanted to create was a drama of death, and, for its portrayal, the strongest effects, the most glaring contrasts, the most singular instrumental combinations, appeared to him permitted or even commanded. The gigantic always possessed a seductive charm for him; he intoxicated himself with unheard-of acoustic effects; he dreamed of monster-masses of singers and musicians, and of colossal localities. For his *Requiem* he required at least 80 sopranos, 60 tenors, and 70 basses. Among many other instruments specified in the score, we find: 4 flutes, 4 clarinets, 12 horns, 8 bassoons, 12 trumpets, 20 trombones and tubas, 8 pairs of kettle-drums for 10 performers, 2 large drums, 10 pairs of cymbals, and 4 tamtams! As we see, we have here to do with an eminently romantic composition and not with church music in the traditional and strict sense of the word. Berlioz does not bind himself down even to an exact observance of the text, in which, for instance, he inserts on his own authority a line from the "Credo." For him the words are, as it were, only slaves, whom he commands and tyrannises over as he likes in the service of his musical inspiration. Nothing is farther from a church style than the long, strange vocal exercises which the first tenors go through on the phrase: "Quantus tremor est futurus," or the way in which the words "Dies illa" are chopped up into four parts towards the end of the "Lacrymosa," or the breathless speed with which the "Kyrie, eleison" is taken at the conclusion of the first piece. Berlioz breaks up and kneads the words, to make them fit

* From the *Neue freie Presse*.

the rhythm he has selected. But even in his freely chosen, romantically emancipated style, he is not consistent; he repeatedly goes back to the old traditional forms, though, it is true, only to abandon himself afterwards to all the more unbridled freedom. Nay, though he always ridiculed the fugue, and once called it "la bestialité dans toute sa splendeur," he actually introduces a long one on "Hosannah!" We know the remark made by Cherubini with respect to the words just quoted of Berlioz: "The sole cause why Berlioz does not like the fugue is that the fugue does not like him."* And Cherubini was, probably, right. Berlioz was neither capable nor desirous of writing a requiem in the noble church-style of Mozart or Cherubini. His work must not be measured by their standard. To quote the saying of a French critic, this music written in a kind of exaltation must be heard in the same frame of mind: we must allow ourselves to be carried away by it, if we would do it justice. And, of a truth, though often eccentric and ugly, Berlioz's *Requiem* is thoroughly interesting, and in some parts extraordinarily original and grand. Side by side with passages of strikingly poor invention and technical awkwardness, there are brilliant ideas and surprisingly clever combinations, and Berlioz, as far as purely musical work goes, by no means a "master," in the strict acceptance of the words, reveals himself to us as, on the whole, an artist of the most glowing fancy, the strongest passion, and the most dazzling originality. The last quality is particularly apparent in his treatment of the orchestra.

(To be continued.)

[* Somebody said to Cherubini—"Berlioz n'aime pas la Fugue;" to which Cherubini replied—"Et la Fugue n'aime pas Berlioz." (True version, from an ear-witness.)—Dr Blüger.]

SYNAGOGUE MUSIC.—ITS HISTORY AND CHARACTER.*

(Continued from page 516.)

After the loss of Jewish independence, it was for several centuries considered sinful to enjoy music. It was held that in the dark times of persecution Israel was "unfit to rejoice before the coming of Messiah." Even as late as *Hai Gaon* we are told that music is prohibited to Jews in exile. Whether this rule was carried into practice or not, the time of persecution was long enough to account for the disappearance of the old Temple melodies, which, besides, it would have been held disrespectful to sing while their home was in ruins. The origin and progress of our synagogue tunes, truly national music, may well be described in the words of Engel: "A short melody extemporised in a moment of emotion by someone musically gifted, is, if impressive, soon taken up by others, further diffused, and thus traditionally preserved. In the course of time it generally undergoes a process of composition until it has obtained those conditions which ensure it a generally favourable acceptance by the people to whom it appertains" ("Ein Volkslied dichtet sich selbst," W. Grimm). These modifications are generally improvements, because the taste of the people collectively is usually healthy and judicious. Alterations, therefore, which contribute to the expression and beauty of the music, have generally the greater chance of being adopted and promulgated. This process of composition and improvement has occurred to all our old tunes, and many must have suffered great alteration before coming to us in their present form. There are several different renderings of such popular and common melodies as *Bimherah* and *Migdol*. In the beginning of the 17th century we find the *Bimherah* melody in a form to which the modern rendering makes a good second. To compare other music, the popular German *Feinstliebchen* exists in three forms, developed from the original in 200 years. Even so well known and often transcribed a melody as "God Save the Queen" is different in several bars from what it was 100 years ago, and may be traced far back through various developments. The tunes of our service must also have been exposed to similar changes. Several melodies of both German and Spanish rites were written down by Bottrigati (1594), and transcribed by Marcello (1724).† These bear hardly any resemblance to any of those now in use. Dr Burney, in his *History of Music*

(1776), prints these hymns in a most absurd manner. They are printed backwards from right to left, because, forsooth, the Hebrew runs that way. The result is that they must be transcribed to be read with any ease.

If, then, the ancient Hebrew music has not come down to us, can we assume that it still lives in the Gregorian chant? Although some great authorities hold that the plain song is the direct descendant and representative of the Temple music, I cannot, with De Sola, think this clearly proved. The chants of Jewish origin, if, indeed, any such remained in use in the Church, were mingled with the ruins of the fallen Greek music, and must have disappeared before the end of the third century, before St Ambrose fixed the chant. The discussion of this subject is of the greatest interest, but hardly falls within the scope of this paper. It may be enough to refer to authorities who gather from the Fathers of the Church that the early Christian hymns were sung to Pagan music, probably to attract, just as the Salvation Army now sing hymns to the airs of music-hall ditties. The versification of the earlier Christian prayers extant is like that of the classical writers, and very different from the Hebrew.

To glance through what records history has left us relating to synagogal music, we are very early reminded of our duty to use a fine voice in God's service. The Midrash also refers to the same duty. A favourite theme is Israel's emulation of the harmonious song of the Heavenly bands. Several similar references occur in the prayer, "If our mouths were filled with song like the sea," &c. So among the oldest *Psalms*, Kalir, in describing this song, uses all possible musical expressions. In Bagdad, those only who were practised in vocalization were allowed to lead the prayer. In that important work, the *Arabic Siddur* (prayer book) of Saadiah Gaon (ob. 942), we have a canon of the standard parts of the services, "in which it is important to remark that the author repeatedly mentions that he excludes all 'Chazanuth,' by which term he can only mean 'solos' of precentors." After the *Berberie* invasion of Spain, about 1070, a new school of poets sprang into existence under the auspices of Samuel Hanagid, of whom Ibn Ezra tells us that he composed metrical prayers with music, which had not been done before. The study of music came in after the twelfth century, and, like all similar sciences, belongs originally to the Arabian school. By this time poems were sung on fit occasions, and on Sabbath the prayer from Nishmatheon was chanted. Already in the twelfth century, for certain, and very probably much earlier, Hebrew liturgical poetry was sung, and sometimes even composed to profane foreign airs. Simeon Duran, in *Magen Abboth*, after referring to the *Neginoth*, goes on to say: "As for the other melodies, whether used with joyful songs or with lamentations, some are ancient, like those to the hymns of R. Eliezer Kalir. Others of later origin were composed or adapted in Spain from Moorish songs, which, being very melodious, attract the heart; others, again, were adapted in France from Provençal airs, which are first in musical excellence." He evidently praises the foreign tunes, as some excuse for their adoption. Ibn Ezra explains psalm-headings from the custom of prefixing to hymns the name of the foreign air. Other authors refer to the practice, and in many Spanish rituals may be found a hymn marked "to an Arab air." Even the word used for "air" is by Ink derived from a Provençal term. Later on, Menachem Lonsano (about 1572) tells us that many religious persons objected to this singing of Jewish prayers to Gentile melodies, but he sees no harm in it. Archivolti (ob. 1611), the teacher of De Rossi, finds it rather unbecoming to write a prayer and head it "*Belachan 'el vaquero de Morena*," "to the tune of 'the cowherd of the Morena'"—a troubadour pastoral originally. Very many hymns had before this time been sung to popular melodies, chiefly Spanish, as for instance: "*Pues vos me feristes*," "*Porque no me hablas*," "*Partistas amiga*," "*Tres colores en una*," and many others: French, too, such as "*Les filles de Tarascon*." Israel Nagara (1587) even composed his verses to Arab, Turkish, and Rumanic airs (to turn sweet melody from an impure to a pure use, he says); and, as late as the seventeenth century, a hymn by Menachem Zion, to the air of the German song, "*Sieyermark*," was inserted in a Sabbath ritual. So, also, are Tartar melodies to be found among the Karaites. Most of the airs to the Jewish *Volkslieder* were taken at the time from their neighbours. Some of the inscriptions to them indicate the proper melody by the names of popular German songs, many not otherwise known. The practice, we see, was universal, and was carried down to the present day.

* From the *Jewish Chronicle*, August 10th, 1883.

† Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739) in his *Estro poetico armonico*. Of the five Sephardi and six Ashkenazi melodies given, one perhaps is still in use, and several can only be recognized in the German, Polish, and other folk-songs from which they were derived.

VIENNA.—It will be fifty years, on the 31st inst., since Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* was first performed here. Between that date and the present, it has been given 403 times: namely, 326 times at the Kärntnerthor Theater, and 77 at the Imperial Operahouse.

TESTIMONIAL TO SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

A meeting of the committee of gentlemen, amateurs and artists, who have instigated and are promoting the object specified by the above heading, has already been held. The form which the testimonial in contemplation is to assume has not yet been decided on; but at a second meeting opinions may coincide, and unanimous consent be awarded to one or other scheme proposed. Meanwhile the names of those who have taken upon themselves the responsibilities involved will suffice to show that the work in hand will be earnestly and intelligently carried out. We submit them *in extenso* :—

Julius Benedict, Joseph Bennett, Francesco Berger, Hume Burnley, T. Chappell, W. G. Cusins, J. W. Davison, J. W. Dow, A. Durlacher, John Ella, L. Engel, George Grove, M. Hanhart, H. B. Heath, Rev. Thomas Helmore, D. Hill, H. W. Hill, W. H. Husk, H. Lazarus, Henry Leslie, J. M. Levy, Henry Littleton, Stanley Lucas, G. A. Macfarren, E. H. Mannering, A. Manns, W. Mitchell, J. M. P. Montague, Costantino Perugini, Captain Philips, A. Randegger, P. Santon, C. Santley, F. Schira, T. Sherrard, G. M. Smith, John Stainer, Arthur Sullivan, F. W. Willocks, and C. E. Willing, ("with power to add to their number.")

The official statement prefixed to the foregoing is as under:—

TESTIMONIAL TO SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

"Sir Michael Costa came to England in 1829, and made his first appearance in this country at the Birmingham Musical Festival of that year. By a curious coincidence his last appearance in public was as conductor of the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1882. He therefore continuously pursued his profession in England for the long period of fifty-three years. A few years after his settlement in this country he became conductor of the Italian Opera at the King's (now Her Majesty's) Theatre. In 1846 he was appointed conductor of the Philharmonic Society, where he entirely re-organized and immensely improved the orchestra, and raised the concerts to a higher degree of excellence than they had before attained. In 1847 he organized the then newly constituted Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden Theatre with the greatest musical results. In 1848 he undertook the conductorship of the lately dissolved Sacred Harmonic Society, and very much improved the character of its performances. That position he retained until the dissolution of the Society at the close of its fiftieth season in 1882. In 1849 he became conductor of the Birmingham Musical Festival, and at once elevated it from a gradually sinking state to the very high position it has ever since enjoyed. In 1857 he organized the orchestra for the first Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, and laid the foundation for that series of triumphs achieved at the succeeding Festivals. He was engaged to conduct the Festival of 1883, but was compelled by fortuitous circumstances to abandon it. It is felt that Sir Michael Costa should not be allowed to pass into retirement without some recognition of his services in the cause of Music, both as composer and conductor, and more especially of his strenuous efforts to improve the position, elevate the character, and raise the social status of the professors of music engaged under him; efforts which have been attended by the most beneficial results. The under-mentioned gentlemen have consequently formed themselves into a Committee to promote the above-named object, and solicit subscriptions from Sir Michael Costa's friends and admirers for carrying it into effect. The desire of the Committee is to procure the contributions of as large a number of persons as possible, in order to testify to the wide esteem in which Sir Michael Costa's services are held."

[A good deal more might have been included in this appeal to general public and artistic sympathy. But there is time enough for such suggestions as may be deemed advisable and expedient. —D. B.]

THE IRVING AMERICAN TOUR.—The performances of the Lyceum Company at the Star Theatre, New York, will extend over four weeks, commencing as already announced, on the 25th of October. The Company will then appear successively at the Chesnut-Street Great Theatre, Philadelphia, the Boston Theatre, and the Baltimore Academy of Music, at which last-named house they commence a brief engagement on Christmas Eve. The order of their tour will then embrace in rotation Haverley's Brooklyn Theatre, Haverley's Theatre in Chicago, the Olympic Theatre, St. Louis, and the Cincinnati Opera House. After visiting other smaller cities they will appear in Washington for a series of six representations, beginning on the 3rd of March. *The Bells*, selected for the opening night in New York, will be followed by *Much Ado about Nothing*, in which Miss Ellen Terry makes her debut.—M. T.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"The stage and the drama"—says Mr Moy Thomas—"occupy just now no inconsiderable space in our reviews and magazines. In *The Fortnightly* Lord Lytton continues his dissertations upon 'The Stage in relation to Literature.' To *The National Review*, for July, a writer with the name or pseudonym of 'R. Brooksbank,' contributes an article, entitled 'Mr. Irving as a Tragedian,' in which he denies the claims of that popular actor to distinction, save in melodrama. In the current number of the *Edinburgh Review* another writer, discoursing of 'The Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern Stage,' takes a rather desponding view of contemporary dramatists, contemporary actors, and also of contemporary audiences, whose 'low taste and dramatic feeling' he considers 'still more fatal' than the lack of genius among our playwrights. We must not omit to add that the same authority declares that 'the greatest curiosities of current literature are the theatrical articles in the London newspapers.' At these compositions 'the critic,' we are told, 'smiles,' while 'the moralist muses and sighs.' Lastly, Mr. Mowbray Morris, in an article in the August number of *Macmillan*, takes Mr. Irving to task, among other matters, for his persistent efforts to exalt the player at the expense of the dramatic poet. Mr. Morris's article takes the form of a remonstrance with a writer who in a recent paper in the *Quarterly Review*, referring to Mrs. Frances Kemble's *Notes upon Shakspeare's Plays*, expressed surprise that 'a Kemble should disparage the actor's art.' Mrs. Kemble does, indeed, say that acting is 'an art which requires no study worthy of the name'; but this is manifestly because she holds the true actor to be a sort of inspired creature, preëminently endowed with the power of conceiving, as well as of presenting, passion and emotion, but, like inspired people in general, unable to give any rational account of his own gifts. It appears to be chiefly on this latter ground that Mrs. Kemble's views commend themselves to Mr. Morris, whose text is the circumstance that 'our actors have been very eloquent of late upon the subject of their art, both with voice and pen.'

["Talk is but a tinkling cymbal," says Bacon; and so—in certain circumstances, which no one understood better than that very Bacon—says Dr Blidge.]

THE PIBROCH.

The late Dr Norman McLeod, in writing of "The Bagpipe and its Music," gives the following regarding the pibroch, which will doubtless be interesting to both Highlander and Sassenach:—

The music of the Highlands is the Pibroch of the Great War Pipe, with its fluttering pennons, fingered by a genuine Celt in full Highland dress, as he slowly paces a baronial hall, or amidst the wild scenery of his native mountains. The bagpipe is the instrument best adapted for summoning the clans from the far-off glens to rally round the standard of their chiefs, or for leading a Highland regiment to the attack amidst the roar of battle. The pibroch is also constructed to express a welcome to the chief on his return to his clan; and to wail out a lament for him as he is borne by his people to the old burial place in the glen, or in the Sainted Isle of Graves. To those who understand its carefully composed music, there is a pathos and depth of feeling suggested by it with which a Highlander alone can fully sympathise; associated by him as it always is with the most touching memories of his home and country; recalling the faces and forms of the departed; spreading forth before his inward eye panoramas of mountain, loch, and glen, and reviving impressions of his early and happiest years. And thus, if it excites the stranger to laughter, it excites the Highlander to tears, as no other music can do, in spite of the most refined culture of his after life. It is thus, too, that what appears to be only tedious and unmeaning monotony in the music of the genuine pibroch, is not so to one under the magic influence of Highland associations. There is, indeed, in every pibroch a certain monotony of sorrow. It pervades even the "welcome," as if the young chief who arrives recalls also the memory of the old chief who has departed. In the "lament" we naturally expect this sadness; but even in the "summons to battle," with all its fire and energy, it cannot conceal what it seems already to anticipate—sorrow for the slain. In the very reduplication of its hurried notes, and in the repetition of its one idea, there are expressions of vehement passions and of grief—"the joy of grief," as Ossian terms it—which loves to brood upon its own loss and ever repeats the one desolate thought which fills the heart, and which, in the end, again breaks forth into the loud agonising cry with which it began. All this will, no doubt, seem both meaningless and extravagant to many; it is nevertheless a deliberately expressed conviction. The characteristic poetry of the Highlands is Ossian, its music the pibroch, and these two voices embody the spirit, and sing the praises of "*Tir nan' beann nan' Glean's Gaisgeach*."

EXCERPTS FROM PARKE'S MUSICAL MEMOIRS.

EXCERPT No. 30.

1796.

(Continued from page 502.)

The first of ten concerts given by the proprietor of the King's Theatre took place on the 1st of February, under the title of "The Academy of Music." The whole strength of the operatic company was brought forward on the occasion. Jarnovicki was director and first solo player. Salomon's concert, which was weakened by the loss of Haydn, who had returned to Germany, commenced on the 18th of February in Hanover Square. The singers were M^{me} Mara and Mr Braham. During the concert Salomon played a concerto on the violin, and I played one on the oboe, in which I introduced some of my newly discovered high notes, (up to G in alto,) particularly a shake on the upper D, which was greatly applauded. On that occasion the celebrated musical historian, Doctor Burney, (a subscriber), whose vision was very imperfect, conceiving that my elder brother, Mr John Parke, had played as heretofore, said to his wife who was present, and who shortly afterwards informed me of it, "Mr Parke, senior, played very finely to-night: indeed, I think I never on any former occasion heard him display so much sweetness, taste, and brilliancy." Clementi, who presided at the pianoforte, performed a sonata with his accustomed brilliancy of execution. Clementi, owing to intense study, had become an extremely absent man: so much so, that he had gone out in the morning with a black and a white stocking on; but because he had never gone out without any at all, some of his friends considered his absence mere affectation. But I am inclined to think the following fact will prove they were in error. Clementi and Crossdill were together on a visit in the summer to the Earl of Pembroke, at his fine seat at Wilton. A prominent ornament in this park is a beautiful and extensive sheet of water, in which, one sultry evening, they agreed to recreate themselves by bathing. After remaining in the water a certain time, Crossdill retired to the dressing rooms, erected on the margin of the lake; but Clementi expressing his intention to remain longer, the former, having dressed himself, and being one of those who entertained doubts whether Clementi's absence was real or assumed, determined to embrace the opportunity which then offered of ascertaining the circumstance, and therefore privately conveyed Clementi's shirt into the house; of which frolic he informed Lord Pembroke, who appeared to enjoy the joke exceedingly. At the expiration of half an hour Clementi returned, perfectly dressed as he believed, and while he was expatiating largely on the pleasure he had received by his immersion, a gentleman and his lady (friends of the peer) arrived on an evening visit. After the usual introductions had taken place, the lady expressed a desire to hear Clementi play one of his own sonatas on the pianoforte, to which he readily assented. Having taken his seat, and fidgeted a little in his peculiar way, he played the first movement of one of his most difficult pieces, and was about to begin the adagio, when, being oppressed with heat, he unconsciously unbuttoned nearly the whole of his waistcoat, and was proceeding, when the lady, greatly surprised, hastily retired to the farthest part of the room, while Lord Pembroke, almost convulsed with laughter, apprised Clementi of his situation, who, staring wildly, darted out of the room, and could not by any entreaties be prevailed on to rejoin the party.

The winter theatres, which were this season inclined to be musical, produced some highly successful pieces, the first of which was an opera in two acts, called *Lock and Key*; performed, for the first time, at Covent Garden Theatre on the 6th of February. It was written by Prince Hoare, and the music was composed by Mr Shield, at whose request I composed the overture, the second movement of which contains solos for the violin and oboe. It was received in the most favourable manner. The music of this piece is in Shield's best style and was uncommonly effective. A few days after its production their Majesties honoured the theatre with their presence, and commanded *Lock and Key*, with which they and the Princess appeared to be highly gratified; and two or three days afterwards I received a message from the Princess Augusta, by Mr Horn, her musical instructor, stating that she would very much like to have a copy of the overture of *Lock and Key* for the pianoforte. I immediately arranged it for that instrument, and forwarded it by Mr Horn to her Royal Highness, who condescendingly desired him to present her compliments to me, and say, that she had played it and liked it much, and that she would the next day play it to the King. *Lock and Key* became very popular. At Drury Lane Theatre a new play with music, written by G. Colman, called *The Iron Chest*, was produced on the 12th of March. The music of this piece was composed and selected by S. Storace. Some of it is excellent, particularly the glee in the first act, "Five times by the taper's light," finely sung by Snett, Mrs Bland, and Signora Storace; and the concerted piece sung by the

banditti in the second act, which was uncommonly effective. The composer of this piece survived its production but three days. S. Storace died of the gout, and fever in his head, on the 15th of March, in the thirty-third year of his age. It is but justice to say, that S. Storace was the first who successfully engrafted Italian music on the English drama. At the same theatre was presented, for the first time, on the 30th of April, a new opera in three acts, called *Mahmoud, or the Prince of Persia*, written by Prince Hoare. The music was composed by the late S. Storace, with a few selections from Paesello, Haydn, and Sarti. The singers in it were Signora Storace and Mrs Bland, Mr Kelly, Mr Snett, and Mr Braham, being his first appearance on any stage, Covent Garden and the Royalty Theatres excepted. Braham displayed a powerful and flexible tenor voice, a good shake and rapid execution. He sang the airs allotted to him with great effect, and came off with *éclat*. This last word brings to my recollection my late valued and respected friend, Counsellor Howarth, who said to me, whilst supping with him, taking up the limb of a lobster, "If ever you feel anxious when going to play a concerto, take one of these in your pocket, and you will be sure to come off with a *claw*" (*éclat*).

On the 25th of May was presented at Drury Lane Theatre, for the benefit of the widow and orphan of the late S. Storace, the composer, a dramatic cento, embracing all the musical and histrionic talent of the theatre. The house, in compliment to the memory of departed genius, presented an overflowing audience.

By command, and under the patronage of their Majesties, a grand selection of sacred music, from the works of Handel, was performed in Whitehall Chapel, on Thursday the 26th of May, 1796, for the benefit of the Royal Society of Musicians. The principal singers, Miss Parke, Miss Leak, Mr Harrison, Mr Braham, and Signora Storace, afforded an exquisite treat. Their Majesties and five Princesses were present, and the audience was fashionable and numerous. The chapel, fitted up in a most elegant style, corresponded admirably with the beautiful ceiling of Reubens; and the orchestra, ably led by Cramer, comprised five hundred performers. The effect was truly imposing, and so was the expense, for the whole cost upwards of eight hundred pounds!

On the 4th of June, whilst I was dressing for the purpose of attending as usual at St James's, to assist in the performance of the Ode to the King's birthday, I was seized with a giddiness, occasioned by too great a determination of blood to the head, and was near falling. The unusual gravity of my countenance whilst at St James's, proceeding from the before-mentioned cause, as I afterwards learnt, induced Sir William Parsons and some other friends to imagine that I felt some anxiety at being on the point of passing the sea on my way Ireland, to fulfil an engagement I had made to play in the Dublin Theatre. Such a consideration most assuredly had not entered my mind; though I will confess, that to one unaccustomed to that element, serious reflections may arise in a ship, when thinking that there is but a thin plank betwixt life and eternity. However, though not quite recovered, I set out in the mailcoach, on the 17th of June, taking a packet of medicine with me, and I arrived at the hotel in Chester the following night at eleven o'clock. Being greatly fatigued, I remained there two days, which recruited my strength, and I proceeded and slept at an inn at Conway. During supper I was regaled (according to the custom of Wales) with a concert, consisting of a harp and a bassoon. The harpist, whose thick Welsh blood rushed into his fingers whilst playing "Of noble race was Shenkin," evinced great animation, although he played on a harp of so antique a structure, that it seemed to have descended to him from one of the ancient bards who had escaped the wrath of our first Edward. The performance of the bassoon player was laboured and feeble, owing perhaps to the unsightly novelty of his cheeks whilst playing, being inflated to such a degree as to rival those of fame, or Kit-Crack-Cheeks, O'Keefe's Irish Trumpeter! On my arrival at Holyhead I embarked on board the packet; and after a rough passage of thirty hours arrived in safety at the Marine Hotel, Dublin, without a vestige of my previous indisposition. My engagement with Mr Daly, the proprietor of the Crow Street Theatre, being only for a limited number of nights, I rested two days; and on the evening of the third performed for the first time in the opera of *The Duenna* (Clara by Miss Poole), which affording ample scope for the display of my instrument, the oboe, my efforts were rewarded with loud and reiterated applause. I performed also occasional concertos with equal success. Mr Daly, the manager, was a gentlemanly man, but was not much acquainted with music, as the following curious circumstance will show:—At the rehearsal of an opera in which I played, Daly, observing the persons who played the two French horns occasionally leave off, and conceiving that it proceeded from inattention, hastened to the front of the stage, close to the orchestra, and addressing them with much warmth, said,—"Gentleman horn-

players, why don't you play on as the others do? What do you mean by stopping?"—"Sir," said one of them, "we have twenty bars rest."—"Rest!" said Daly, "what do you mean by rest? I can get no rest in this theatre, and, by Jassus, you shan't."

During my three weeks' stay in Dublin I received polite attentions from several distinguished persons, amongst which was an invitation to dine from the celebrated Councillor Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls, this invitation, I even now regret to say, I was unable to accept, owing to a prior engagement I had to an evening-party at the house of Lord Northland, given by his son, the Honourable Mr Knox. Mr Curran, whose wit was brilliant and his eloquence commanding, in a party at a friend's house met Sir John Stevenson, the composer, who had very recently been knighted. After supper, singing being general, Sir John, the new knight, being called on for a song, hesitated, and observed that he scarcely knew what song to sing; on which Mr Curran facetiously said,—"What do you think, Sir John, of 'The traveller benighted'?"

I was highly gratified by viewing some of the beautiful scenes of nature, for which the vicinity of Dublin is so justly celebrated. Amongst these were the great Dargle, the Salmon-leap at Lexlip, and the Black Rock. The latter affords a delightful prospect of Dublin Bay, thought to be the finest in Europe, the Bay of Naples excepted.

Having finished my engagement in Dublin, I left that city in company with Mr Bowden, the singer of Covent Garden Theatre, for Limerick, one hundred Irish miles off, in the passage-boat which went from Dublin to Monstereven, thirty miles. We had an excellent dinner on board, and good claret, though each person was stinted to a pint, in consequence of an accident which had some time before happened, attended with loss of life, and which was attributed to the inebriation of those on board. This restriction was so rigidly enforced, that I could only obtain a second pint by accidentally having my purse in my hand, which the steward eyeing, he said to me, like a good casuist, "Though I dare not break the oath I have taken, by letting you have an extra pint of claret, if you choose to order one for your servant (I had none) you may, for that way (taking the *douceur*) the laws of the vessel will not be violated, and it therefore matters not to me a pinch of Lundyfoot who drinks it." We arrived at Monstereven, in the county of Kildare, about nine in the evening; and there being but one good inn, and that none of the largest, it was quite crammed. Within an hour afterwards we sat down to supper, with three or four of our fellow-passengers, among whom were Lee Lewis, a former celebrated comedian, and his son, who we did not know till then had been on board the boat. Lee Lewis was very entertaining, and amused us with some of his whimsical stories, among which was his Warwickshire schoolmaster. "When I was at Aston in Warwickshire," said he, "I was introduced to a schoolmaster of the village, who was so proud of the progress which one of his pupils had made in orthography, that he afforded me an opportunity of witnessing it. The word he selected for the display was the name of the great manufacturing town in the neighbourhood, Birmingham, which the boy, to the admiration of his master, spelt in the following manner:

Birm—Brum,
ing—idge
Brumidge,
ham—um,
Brumidgeum!"

(To be continued.)

THE GENESIS OF GOUNOD'S FAUST.

Albert Delpit in one of his *feuilletons*, writes as follows: "Gounod published a number of songs and dedicated one of them to Mme Carvalho, wife of the manager of the Opéra-Comique. One evening, he went to see the Carvalhos and asked the lady to sing the song he had dedicated to her. Carvalho, who had meanwhile entered the room, called out to him: 'My dear Maestro, I have a brilliant idea; set *Faust* to music for me.' 'Our wishes meet,' replied Gounod; 'I have set my heart on the subject for a long time.' Encouraged by what Carvalho had said, the composer set enthusiastically about his task, and soon took the score, hardly dry, to the manager in his room at the theatre. At last, *Faust* was produced before the Parisian public, and—the Parisian public remained cold. Even the Garden Scene was allowed to pass without a hand. People used to say to Mme Carvalho; 'Why do you so obstinately persist in singing the part of Marguerite?' That consummate artist, nevertheless persisted, and, despite bad houses, her husband with equal determination, continued to play the opera, until the ice was at last broken, and the public enthusiastically applauded that which, at the beginning, they had contumeliously rejected."

THE WEAKEST OF THE NINE.

(To Dr Blidge.)

Sir,—Why does that chatty and intelligent writer who, under the signature of "Phosphor," contributes musical and dramatic articles to the *Brighton Guardian*, speak of Beethoven's Symphony in C as "the weakest of the nine"? If there is a superlative, there must be a positive and a comparative. We should, therefore, have to begin with No. 9, and reckon thus:—

No. 9—weak.

Nos. 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2—weaker.

No. 1—weakest.

So that all the nine symphonies are (more or less) "weak." I had till recently laboured under the impression that they were all strong—very strong. Pray enlighten the gaping world on the point, and oblige yours with consideration,

PONTIFEX FOURACRES.

[Not by no means. It matters not what people may say or think about Beethoven's "Nine." As John Evans, of Great Malvern, when unable to meet an argument to his own satisfaction or that of his adversary, would retort "*There is the Book*;" so only can I, with similarly emphatic curttness, reply to Mr Fouracres—*There are the Symphonies!* Admiral William Wink of the North (may his shadow never be less!) will, I feel sure, back me up in this case; and so will Rogers of the Wells.—Dr Blidge.]

THE SONG AND THE SINGER.*

<p>A summer night, on a moonlit river, So softly down the streamlet float Two who loved! He, gently rowing, A fairy-phantom seemed the boat.</p> <p>She sang a song in sweetest cadence, Night breezes echoed back the tone; (He gazed! and in his heart for ever, The singer and the song were one.)</p> <p>"I would that hearts could never sever, That life were like this moonlit tide, And on its placid breast for ever Freighted with love our bark should glide.</p> <p>"The star of hope should ever guide us, Winds whisper soft an even song, We'd live, dear, in a world enchanted, E'er free from sorrow, change, or wrong."</p>	<p>Softly he answer'd—"Oh, my darling, Radiant dreams! but not for me, For men live in life's turmoil better, The rapid strong, the open sea.</p> <p>"To wrestle, strive, perchance to win, dear, Of purpose high the guerdon meet, And from your hand ask the award, dear, That victor and that victory greet.</p> <p>"Then through 'man's sterner life,' my darling, Your love like this calm stream shall flow, Attuning all its wilder passions With its cadence sweet and low.</p> <p>"And ne'er shall churlish time e'er sever Our souls; but still each ebb and tide Shall find that in my heart for ever, The song and singer both abide."</p>
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* Copyright.

CARLEON.

Adolf Werther, the new manager of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, intends giving Anton Rubinstein's opera, *Der Dämon*, in November.

Mdme Mina Gould's concert party, consisting of Misses José Sherrington and Annie Layton, Messieurs Traherne and Ernest Cecil, Miss Maud Powell (violinist), and Mdme Mina Gould (accompanist), are about to visit the following towns, commencing to-day (Saturday), August 25:—Tunbridge Wells, Whithy, Stroud, Ilfracombe, Southsea, &c. MM. Traherne and Ernest Cecil, together with Mdme Mina Gould (solo pianist and accompanist), and the clever reciter, Captain E. Acklom, are also engaged for a series of performances in the Isle of Man. Should they be as successful there as they were in the Isle of Wight, when they accompanied Mdme Genevieve Ward, they will have little to complain of.

The Irving Tour in the "provinces" * begins on Monday next in Glasgow. The great and popular comedian has been paying a visit to the picturesque city of Bruges. After Glasgow the company goes to Edinburgh; after Edinburgh to Liverpool; and then, across the wide ocean, on t'other side of which may all success attend them. They fully deserve it.

* Why "provinces?"—Dr. Blidge.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

SAGRAMORE.—“Nocturn!” Impossible. Is this the influence of Kundry and Parsifal? Read *Péredur*, who, having been a whole twelvemonth on his adventures in distant lands, forgot that it was Good Friday. And yet *Péredur* is Percival; and *Blanche-fleur* a faint shadowing forth of Kundry. *Fi donc!* Relinquish the *Zukunft* for an epoch, and betake yourself to the earnest study of Bishop Hughes, Thomson's tragedies, Garth's *Leonidas*, the *Splendid Shilling* of Phillips, and Sir Richard Blackmore in general.

A PIANIST.—Dussek died fifteen years before Beethoven.

ERRATA.—For Cherubini (*London Figaro*) read Cherubino (*Beaumarchais' Figaro*). For Colombo (nobody's opera) read Colomba (*Mackenzie's opera*).

BIRTH.

On August the 21st, the wife of M. HOOPER, Esq. (Mdmé CATHERINE PENNA), of a daughter.

DEATH.

On August the 16th, at 74, Adelaide Road, South Hampstead, MAYER RANDEGGER, Esq., aged 61.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1883.

In the Nineteenth Century

O World, must the word Blood be still thy creed
As when, in thy blind yesterdays of doom,
Lice limbs were twisted in the torture-room,
And crooked iron made the bare nerve bleed,
And shrieks of anguish had no power to plead
For pity?—Those were days of night, whose gloom
Gat light from kindled flesh, and bitter fume
From bodies burning for their souls in need.

To-day, thy judges and thy priests are weak
To harm one harmless life in soul's behoof;
And, for thy body's sake, O World, wilt thou
Suffer these modern men of blood to seek,
With knives inherited from of old, their proof
That sacrifice can be thy safety now?

F. J.

THE CARDIFF EISTEDDFOD.

Sir George Macfarren has addressed a letter to the *Western Mail*, which appeared on the 18th inst., with the subjoined editorial preliminary explanation:—

“It will be remembered that no full adjudication was delivered on the great Choral Competition at the National Eisteddfod of Wales, which was held in Cardiff during last week. The excitement and noise which followed the announcement of the names of the successful choirs was so great that Sir George Macfarren could not make himself heard, and was, therefore, compelled to withhold the remarks which it was his intention to make. This was much regretted by everyone who had an interest in music in Wales, inasmuch as it was felt that a criticism upon Welsh choral singing from such eminent masters of the art as Sir George Macfarren, Mr Brinley Richards, Mr J. Thomas, Mr Barnby, and Mr Joseph Bennett would have been of immense value, not only to the choirs, but to every choral singer in the Principality. With the view of supplying the omission, we wrote to Sir George Macfarren and asked him to favour us with a statement of his views upon the subject. On Friday we received the following very important communication from the distinguished President of the Royal Academy of Music.”

As every reader of the *Musical World* will be more or less interested in the letter of a man so eminent and so calculated to speak with authority upon any subject connected with the musical art, we reproduce (with sincere compliments to the editor of the

Western Mail) the letter of Sir George Macfarren without curtailment:—

(To the Editor of the “*Western Mail*.”)

“SIR,—In compliance with your request, I will state, more or less, what I might have said had it been possible to speak through the tumult of the enthusiastic audience when I announced the adjudication on the choral contest at the Cardiff Eisteddfod last Thursday. The grounds whereon the unanimous verdict of the seven judges was founded, and which, in their estimation, raised the Penrhyn Choir far above all its competitors, were purity of tone, correctness of time, precision in the taking up of points, musicianliness of phrasing, and just variety of power. The Llanelly United Choir, though remote in merit from that which honourably won the first prize, was, in the particulars that have been named, deemed superior to the others. The tendency, whether resulting from excessive ardour or from whatever cause, to force the voice induced always harshness of quality, and often falseness of intonation—the last sometimes to such an extent as to change the key that should prevail—and this tendency was manifest occasionally to an extent that disabled the instrumental accompanist from continuance, and that was painful to the hearers. Too much praise cannot be awarded to those conductors of choirs who, without special musical education, had educed from their singers good points which must not be ignored even in the least meritorious of the six performances. An obvious conclusion from the morning's experience is, however, that a trained musician is in all likelihood the ablest teacher of music, and that the excellence of a performance is in most instances commensurate with the technical skill of its director.

“It will not be irrelevant to remark generally on the musical proceedings of the very important and highly-interesting meeting at which it has been my happy privilege to be present. First, then, let it be said in the face of the whole world that the allegation is totally false which denies the musical capacity as a possession of the natives of this island. The long roll of names of singers of the present generation who have come from Wales, and who command the admiration of the whole country, gives living proof that the vocal faculty is strong in the ancient British race—the faculty that comprises sweetness of the voice, distinctness of enunciation, intelligence of declamation, and, above all, the power of sympathy which magnetises the hearers and holds their attention enchained to the executant and to the music he animates. Lovers of art must rejoice in the valuable sign of progress evinced in the exhibition of instrumental skill that has of late been witnessed. It is not to speak of individual merit, examples of which may be found here, or there, or everywhere, when nature has been generous and study assiduous; but of the highly-important advance displayed in the performance of orchestral music in which many a talent is united to produce one effect. Science reveals not a sublimer or more wonderful phenomenon than the rhythmical unity of multitudinous performers who join in time and in tune with such accurate exactness as proves the dominion of a single all-pervading will. The marvel is the greater when the diverse qualities of tone that characterize the several instruments which constitute a complete band are combined, and musical executancy reaches its highest perfection in this combination. In declaring the award for orchestral performance mention was made of the historical order of instrumental development—a conception, may more, a discovery that is due to Mr J. F. Rowbotham, a writer now engaged on a new history of music—this is, that instruments that are struck, such as drums and cymbals, which mark measure but not pitch, are the earliest inventions of barbarous nations; that instruments which are blown, such as pipes with or without reeds, next follow; and that instruments which are bowed, such as the whole of the viol series, are the latest fruit of musical civilization. All these classes are combined in the modern orchestra. The composer who can employ them consentaneously must have large knowledge and keen sight, and the band comprising them that can play unanimously presents in itself an epitomized chronology of instrumental art. Applause is due, then, to the bands that competed, much for what was accomplished, and very far more for what

is promised by the fact of the competition, since this fact points more directly to musical proficiency in Wales than does any other incident of the Eisteddfod. Bearing on this point is the acceptance by the unaccustomed audiences who were present of the classical works that were rendered in full completeness by an adequate number of the best masters of their respective instruments; this acceptance proved interest in the performance such as is apt for cultivation and probable of yielding richest fruit. In the department of composition, Welshmen generally have not taken such high ground as in executancy, but there are two who have taken university degrees and two who have attained to widest popularity, and the deserved success of these proves that the land has ore ready for refining.

"The absence of competitors for a sight-singing prize is the least favourable sign in the whole course of the proceedings. In all the choral competitions many of the singers were without copies, and many looked not at those they held. This implies memory, but memory is not musicianship. It is a ludicrous mistake in many of our elementary schools for a teacher to play a part in a musical composition again and again till the pupils know it by ear, and can sing it by heart, or—as Cobbett derides the last term—"by hear it." Thus bullfinches are taught, and thus parrots learn to shriek fragments of melody. As sensible would it be to pretend to teach children to read by frequently reciting to them a sentence until they could repeat it by memory, but they would be ignorant of the look of the letters or the principles of joining them into words. O Welshwomen and Welshmen, you of the beautiful voices and the strong musical instinct, believe that if there be truth this is one of the truest, namely, that to be able to read music as easily as words will largely augment your power of pleasing others, of joining in harmony with one another, and of deriving delight to yourselves through the mind's ear from the written characters which are the types of unuttered sounds. The master will render you more real service who will teach you to read one phrase from the musical staff, the staff which was in use in England before ever it was known in Italy, than he who parrots you into singing a whole oratorio by rote.

"The thoughtful must deprecate a wish, strongly expressed by one or two persons, that the obsolete Welsh harp may be perpetuated, not for its musicality, but for its nationality. As reasonably might be desired the restoration of the crwth which has been supplanted by the violin. In like manner the pedal harp has superseded the triple-string harp of Wales, as this did the harp without the fore-pillar of primitive Ireland, which was in its day a modernization of the Hebrew harp, and so on in backward line with the harps of Egypt and Assyria. Jealousy of other branches of our united nation, and the desire to keep Welsh honours for the Welsh, and Wales itself exclusively for Welshmen, betoken a spirit adverse to progress, and uncongenial with that which, on the other side of the mountains, is ready to welcome the worth of the Welsh wherever it is proved. It will be the better for us all if we regard each other as brethren of one nation, and if we feel and act with a patriotism common to us all. Truly, the Cymric race ruled here prior to the Saxon, but the Finnish is shown to have preceded the Cymric. Antecedent history, which is written by the glacier on the living mountains, proves that time was when earlier races than humanity itself solely populated the island. It could scarcely be contemplated on archaeological grounds to re-establish the sway of the ichthyosaurus and plesiosaurus over the contemporary subordinate population of Britain. Let the Welsh preserve their leek, which renews itself from spring to spring, and, fresh as the glistening sunbeam, will twine with the rose and the thistle to form a single emblem of an undivided people.

"Some persons say—and they say much other than their prayers—that musical culture is in a bad state in this country. The fallacy of the saying is proved by the musical advances in our public schools, by the musical advances in our private families, and—most remarkable of all—by the musical advances in the mining and quarrying districts that have sent their toilers to the recent

competitions. The circumstance which alone may seem to render this denial equivocal is the preference often shown for foreigners to our land, as composers, singers, and players, over musicians of our own breeding; and the persons who say what has been cited of our musical culture are they who do the most to promote this preference. The same persons say that hundreds of Englishmen go yearly to Leipsic for musical education because none is to be obtained here; but statistics disprove this by showing that the number of English musical students in foreign countries may be counted by tens, or units, instead of by hundreds, and evidence could be adduced of other reasons for their self-exile than the want of educational means at home. The same persons say that England owns no school wherein music can be taught; but the advantages adduced above date from the institution of the Royal Academy of Music sixty-one years since, which has trained the best talent of all England, including those distinguished musicians of Welsh birth or parentage whose praises are familiar on every lip, and whose presence as performers, and still more as adjudicators, has been the brightest ornament of the Cardiff Eisteddfod.—I am, &c.,

"Aug. 16.

"G. A. MACFARREN."

To the foregoing letter the *Western Mail* dedicates a leading article, which, for its good sense and manly outspokenness, equally deserves consideration. We subjoin it entire:—

"The letter we publish this morning from Sir George Macfarren, President of the Royal Academy of Music, and principal musical adjudicator at the recent National Eisteddfod held at Cardiff, will be read with interest throughout the length and breadth of the country. From a musical point of view, it is the lesson of the Eisteddfod given by a master. Valuable as are Sir George's remarks on the difference in singing and the respective merits of the first and second best choirs in the competition for the grand musical prize of the Eisteddfod, they occupy only a secondary place when we come to pass in review the whole of the letter. The technicalities of the choral contest affect primarily the leaders of, and the singers in, choirs; the other remarks of the President of the Royal Academy affect the Welsh nation throughout the world. And they affect the English nation, or a very large section of it, also. It will no longer do for English writers in English newspapers to ignore or pooh-pooh the talent which has thus thrust itself into the front and claimed the attention and hearty commendation of men who can distinguish ability from address, genius from pretension. Here is the evidence of an expert, the foremost musical authority in the country, one who has no Celtic prejudices to gratify, the English President of an English Royal Academy of Music; and what does he say? It is worth while to quote him in this place, because it will enable us to reply to the English critics who go upon the lines of ridicule or sarcasm in the future:—Hold your peace, babblers; you know not what you are talking of. Listen to a man whose lightest word is worth all the commonplaces you can print in twelvemonths. What to us is anything you may prate when he tells us and you too:—*'Let it be said in the face of the whole world that the allegation is totally false which denies the musical capacity as a possession of the natives of this island. The long roll of names of singers of the present generation who have come from Wales, and who command the admiration of the whole country, gives living proof that the vocal faculty is strong in the ancient British race—the faculty that comprises sweetness of voice, distinctness of enunciation, intelligence of declamation, and, above all, the power of sympathy which magnetises the hearers and holds their attention enchained to the executant and to the music he animates.'* We commend very heartily to the notice of musicians the able words of the president on the orchestral performances of the Eisteddfod. Exhaustive the remarks on this head do not, we should imagine, claim to be, but they sketch, in clear, bold outline, whatever it is requisite the musician should learn, or the intelligent reader may desire to acquaint himself with. Every word that has fallen from the distinguished writer with reference to the difference between memory and musicianship should be committed to heart by choirs and choir-masters all the world over. *'The master,'* we find him saying, *'will render you more real service who will teach you to read one phrase from the musical staff, the staff which was in use in England before ever it was known in Italy, than he who parrots you into singing a whole oratorio by rote;'* and the sentence is worthy of being written in letters of gold. Welsh choirs bearing this advice steadily in mind, and acting upon it rigorously despite every temptation to the contrary, might say with him of old, *'Come the three corners of the world in arms, and we shall shock them.'* Whatever antiquarian or archeological

longing we may have for the triple-stringed harp of our country, we fear there is only too much truth in what the President of the Royal Academy says concerning it. Time spent in learning it is time wasted; it is no more to be compared to the modern instrument with the pedal than the jingling harpsichord of our great-great-grandmothers to the latest grand piano. Unquestionably the most important part of the whole letter is that wherein the writer touches upon the sore point of Welsh jealousy and exclusiveness. Art is an exacting goddess, and whosoever would worship her must 'scorn delights and live laborious days;' must give up all and follow her only. Art *must* be first in the affections of her devotees, let who or what will be second. And Art has a right to her place, for Art, being Truth, is Divine. Love of country even must not be allowed to stand between her worshippers and her glorious self, and this, we take it, is the occult meaning of the President of the Royal Academy herein. Lord Butte had before this told the Welsh nation that its individuality need not stand between it and excellence; Sir George Macfarren now says *it must not*."

Thus it may be seen how Welshmen can receive admonishment and advice with the same cordiality as that with which they welcome praise, when addressed to them by competent authority and clothed in sympathetic language. This event alone would suffice to perpetuate the remembrance of the Cardiff Eisteddfod of 1883. Every one of the appointed judges gave his opinion impartially, heedless of what might or not be said; and the judgment of the combined tribunal was respected and acclaimed. *Sic itur ad astra.* D. B.

Dilemma.

"Upon this horn I stick,
What must be shall be."

—Old Play.



At the Eel and Carpenter.

MANAGER.—And I promised to give it and didn't! Mein Gott! (*Reads paragraph again.*)

"A GUSH FROM A GUSHER!—Le *Benvenuto Cellini*, l'œuvre dramatique capitale de Berlioz a provoqué à sa première exécution à Leipzig, vendredi le 3 août, un enthousiasme indescriptible. Cette œuvre prodigieuse, étonne, charme, séduit. Dès le lever du rideau on est captivé par la nouveauté absolue de tout ce qu'on entend. Certes en résumant toutes les œuvres de Berlioz connues à Paris, on n'arriverait pas à se faire une idée du génie déployé par lui dans sa partition de *Benvenuto Cellini*, où il y a une profusion de beautés, d'invention, de verve qui tient du prodige. Mélange étonnant de nouveauté hardie et de noblesse, le *Benvenuto Cellini* est un opéra comme il n'en existe pas un second au monde. Il y a là des chœurs d'un coloris inouï, d'une bouffonnerie irrésistible, dans lesquels le comique s'élève au sublime. Berlioz déploie dans cette partition, une science inconnue ailleurs des demi-teintes dans les ensembles d'un mouvement frénétique, d'une allure endiablée, et en tire des effets nouveaux, inimaginables. Parfois l'on croit vraiment être sous

le coup d'un ensorcellement. On arrive à douter si ce qu'on entend est possible, si c'est vrai, et l'on finit par conclure que Berlioz, dans son *Benvenuto Cellini*, est autant magicien que musicien. Voici donc un des gloires de l'art français consacrée par un succès immense à l'étranger! Quand le sera-t-elle en France? Pour que rien ne manquant à cette solennité musicale, Liszt, venu exprès de Weimar pour donner un nouveau témoignage de son admiration pour cette œuvre de génie, assistait à la représentation.

"L'exécution était en tout point excellente. Le ténor Schott qui créa le rôle de Cellini, sous la direction de Hans de Bulow, à Hanovre, a remporté de droit la plus grande part de succès. Le jeune chef d'orchestre Viennois, M. Nikisch, a été comblé de lauriers et d'applaudissements. Quand on montera le *Cellini* à l'Opéra-Comique on rendra un grand service à l'art français, et alors seulement on connaîtra le génie merveilleux de Berlioz, auquel chacun aujourd'hui tient à rendre hommage.

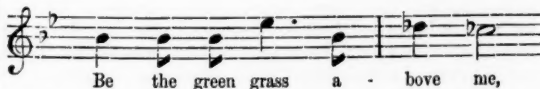
"MARIE JAELL."

MANAGER.—"A gush from a gusher," and no mistake. Mein Gott! I'd got Schott—who gave it 'em hot! Why did I not hold to my promise? *Cellini* would have done better than *Rienzi*. Happy thought! I'll play Berlioz against Wagner one of these seasons. I will. But now I must go home and read my letters.

At Home.



MANAGER (*having read letters*).—Why here's a man advertising Leit-motives, to suit any and every character, every and any situation. At prices, too, varying from a guinea downwards. He wants me to take a bushel. Fancy a bushel of Leit-motives! (*Sings*):—



if I do! I can get as many as I want from Mackenzie.

Enter servant with letter.

MANAGER.—What's this? (*reads*):—

"DEAR SIR,—I presume you have received my circular, posted the day before yesterday. In any case I shall do myself the honour of dropping in upon you about 3 a.m. on Thursday, and shall be happy to submit to your examination samples of my Leit-motives. Your choice will be that of your obedient, at command,

"GEHUEL."

Gehudel—who's Gehudel? (*Looks at his watch.*) Mein Gott! Ten minutes only to three. John!—mind I am not at home.

JOHN.—Yes, sir—but if Mr Mackenzie should come?

MANAGER.—In that case all right; he will find me in my sanctum. (*Exit JOHN.*) I must speak to him about Hector. *Ce pauvre Berlioz!* He is dead now; and all the world, including even his compatriots, "volatile," if not "vivacious," are singing hymns in his praise. (*Exit to sanctum.*)

Enter JOHN, followed by a gentleman with bag.

JOHN.—Master is not at home, sir. He is in his study.

GENTLEMAN WITH BAG.—In his study? Then he is at home. Tell him, Herr Gehudel, recommended by Mr Mackenzie.

JOHN (*knocking at door of sanctum*).—Here's Mr Gedudle, sir, from Mr Mackenzie.



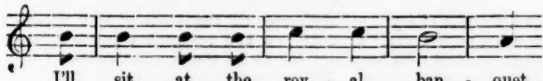
MANAGER (*from sanctum*).—What does he want?

JOHN.—He has brought a bag, sir, for your inspection.

MANAGER.—A bag of Leit-motives?

JOHN.—Something of the kind, sir, I believe, but can't quite remember what.

MANAGER.—Then show him in—no, show him out, I mean (*double-locking the door of sanctum*). I will have my own Leit-motives, after using up those I have got from Mack, and those confided to me by that faithless Scandinavian. By my own, I mean, of my own invention. Then (*sings*):—



and the motive "Leit" shall be right and tight. That is my way. Cert'nly, as the Colonel says, I will play Berlioz against Wagner. I hope I shall hear no more of that Geschudel.

(*Exit to Eel and Carpenter.*)

In Manager's Ante-room.



MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—I got in here with Geffoodle, thinking he might drop some Leit-motives, which now fetch a price. But n'er a one! What a world we live in! (*about to retire, but stopped by JOHN*).

JOHN.—What's your business?

MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—I was looking for my scarf-pin.

JOHN.—Scarf-pin? Why, you've got no scarf to begin with, you old vagabond. Be off (*shoulders him out*).

MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—Oh what a world — (*encounters Manager on staircase*).

MANAGER.—Who are you? What do you want?

MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—I came for some Leit-motives, as they said I could purchase them here.

MANAGER (*in a fury*).—Get out with your Leit-motives! Skedaddle, or I'll give you in charge. (*Flourishing walking-stick, and exit.*)

MAN WITH UMBRELLA.—I'll try the Eel and Carpenter. I'm told they can be got there. Why this is as good as an umbrella. (*Takes Manager's new hat off hat-pin, and exit leisurely, grunting "Tis an ill wind that blows nobody good!"*)

A PROPHECY.

(*Extract from a private letter.*)

P.S.—Your prognostigation about the Wagnerian "Cycles" has proved correct. 1st Cycle, success; the three others, failures. A heap of money must have been sacrificed. Richter has beaten Seidl into fits; but at Drury Lane also there will be a loss (considerable). The *Meistersinger* may hold them up for awhile, but *Tristan and Isolde*, or I am much mistaken, will knock them down again. We have had so much of Wagner of late, (the indefatigable Carl Rosa leading the way), that the result is a general *delirium-Wagner-tremens*. The whole thing is preposterous. Nevertheless, I hope to go to Bayreuth for *Parsifal*, which I know by this time pretty well by heart. The poem is fine; but the opera (or "drama"—beg pardon) is simply a miracle "stage-play," in the style of the Oberammergau. I don't think it would be tolerated here, though Albert Neumann, undismayed, pledges himself to give it. *Qui sait*. Time will show. . . .

[Time has shown. We have been so effectively vaccinated for the Wagner fever, that when it does come it will be in the mildest possible form.—Mr Blidge.]

TO DR THEOPHILUS QUEER.

DEAR QUEER.—True; but there were other things you pass over. The neuter plural in a (*folia, cornua, pira, poma*) is taken for a nominative singular of feminine names in the first declension (as, for example, *rosa*). *Ces mots ainsi traités comme "rosa," apparaissent alors dans certains textes du latin merovingien avec des formes monstrueuses, telles que des accusatifs pluriels en "as" (peccoras, folias, &c.).* Thence come the substantives feminine—*la feuille, la poire, la corne*—derived from the neuters, *folium, pirum, pomum, cornu*.—Yours always, dear Queer,

Five-way House, Aug. 22.

Craker Rooster.

P.S.—I met Septimus Pidding yesterday, and asked them to dine with me at the Bee and Bottle, but they had accepted an invitation from the Eyrie, to dine with Dr Eagles and family, although the young eaglets had eaten five of Wind's trustworthiest phenicopters.—G. R.

According to report, in M^{me} Christine Nilsson's engagement with Mr Abbey there is a clause by which no other lady in the company is to have a higher salary than the divine daughter of Scandinavia—"Swedish Nightingale," No. 2.

COVENT GARDEN PROMENADE CONCERTS.—At the "Classical Concert" on Wednesday the symphony was Beethoven's No. 7 (in A major), the chief overture, Weber's *Euryanthe*, and the solo performance (by Miss Florence Waud), the *adagio* and *scherzo* from Litolff's *Concerto Symphonique*. The "Rigaudon" from Rameau's *Dardanus*, a march from Franz Lachner's *First Suite*, and Massenet's *Scenes Pittoresques* were also performed by the orchestra. The vocalists were Miss Marian Mackenzie, who gave thorough satisfaction in her truly unaffected delivery of an expressive canzonet, "Farewell!" by the late regretted Mr Edward Bache; and Mr Joseph Maas, who was unanimously encoired in "Sound an alarm" from Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*, which he declaimed with surprising vigour. What is usually styled Gounod's "Ave Maria," though simply a melody built upon J. S. Bach's first Prelude in the "Well-Tempered Clavier," was, moreover, sung by Miss Annie Marriott, accompanied on the violin in masterly style by Mr J. T. Carrodus. This also was encoired. The second part of the concert ("Miscellaneous") began with Otto Nicolai's spirited and melodious overture to the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

PROVINCIAL.

RAMSGATE.—On Monday, August 13th, The Philharmonic Society of St. Pierre les Calais, 60 in number, arrived at Ramsgate, and after lunch at the Granville Hotel, visiting the Sailors' Home, and strolled round the cliffs, guided by members of the Committee. At seven o'clock they gave a concert in the Granville Theatre, aided by Mdlle Schaefer, cantatrice, M. Austin, violin, and M. Thibout, violoncello, to a crowded and sympathetic audience, ending with "God save the Queen," and "The Marseillaise." The proceeds were in aid of the Ramsgate Sailors' Home. This is the second time within five years that the Philharmonic Society of St. Pierre (a suburb of Calais containing 25,000 inhabitants) have recognized the kind treatment received by French shipwrecked sailors hailing from Calais at the Ramsgate Sailors' Home.

HARLECH CASTLE.—The annual Welsh musical festival of North Wales choirs, numbering 600 voices, was held within the ancient walls of Harlech Castle, Thursday, August 16th. The weather was delightfully fine, and, special trains being run from the watering places, the old castle was crowded with a large audience. At the morning and afternoon performances English, Irish, and Welsh airs, together with anthems from the great masters, were rendered by seven choirs. The principal vocalists were Miss Annie Marriott, London, Mr Byfed Lewis, London, and Mr Lucas Williams, London. Mr Samuel Holland, M.P., said a great impetus had been rendered to the cultivation of music throughout the land by the Prince of Wales, who took a warm interest in music and in the social condition of his country, and now that musical colleges were to be established, we should doubtless become a thoroughly musical community. Mr J. Bennett also addressed the audience. In the evening Handel's oratorio *Judas Macabbeus* was performed by the united choirs, led by Eos Morlais. Mr S. Pope, Q.C., presided. (I should like to read what Joseph Bennett said.—Dr Wittge.)

LINCOLN.—Under the auspices of the Lincoln District Oddfellows M.U., a brass band contest took place in the Lincoln Arboretum on Saturday afternoon, August 18. There was a large number of visitors from various parts of the country, and the grounds were thronged with several thousand people. The following seven bands competed, viz., Wyke Temperance, Wyke Old Band, Black Dike Mills (Bradford), 1st Derbyshire Rifle Volunteers (Heanor), Boarhurst (Oldham), 8th West York Rifle Volunteers (Rotherham), and the 1st Lincolnshire Volunteers (Gainsborough). Mr J. P. Clarke, bandmaster of the Scots Guards, acted as judge, and awarded the prizes. The 1st, £25, Black Dike Mills Band; 2nd, £15, Boarhurst Band; 3rd, £10, Wyke Old Band; and 4th, £5, Wyke Temperance Band.

HELENSBURGH.—The new organ constructed for the Episcopal Church of SS. Michael and All Angels was inaugurated on Saturday evening, August 18, with an organ recital by Dr Spark, of the Leeds Town Hall. The organ, built by Mr August Gern, London, to specifications by Mr C. W. Methven, Greenock, has the usual great swell and pedal organs, fitted with a range of 23 stops, and has in all 1558 pipes. It is elegantly encased, and its notable features of construction are complete pneumatic action and a detached keyboard, the instrument being situated on the left side of the choir, and the key-board on the opposite side. The programme was compiled with the object of displaying to its fullest capacity the compass and tone of the instrument. In the opening solo, Handel's concerto in G minor, the whole resources of the new instrument were brought into play. An effective setting of Smart's popular "Evening Prayer" was one of the successes of the recital. The programme concluded with Beethoven's chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father." The evening prayer was read by the incumbent, Sullivan's well-known "Onward, Christian Soldiers," formed the processional hymn; and Dr Spark's "And now Israel" was the anthem.

BUXTON.—On Thursday, August 15th, the third special concert was given in the Concert Hall at the Gardens, under the direction of Mr Karl Meyder. The first part opened with the overture to *Coriolan* (Beethoven), followed by "The Three Singers" (Berthold Tours), sung by Miss Annie Layton with organ accompaniment. Miss Mary Lemmens was successful in Gounod's "The Worker." Miss Layton's singing "At the Ferry" (Wellings) earned well-deserved applause. Miss Maud Powell, a youthful violinist made a marked impression. The Cavatina (Raff), and Bolero (Dancs) were encored, the gifted young lady repeating the latter. The intermezzo, "Forget me not," by the band, was well received. Madame Gould accompanied throughout in a most finished manner.

BAYREUTH.—It is now settled that *Parsifal* shall be given here again next summer, not in July, however, but in August. There will also, be, probably, a separate performance of the work, for King Ludwig only, at Munich in May.

CHERUBINI.

(Continued from page 511.)

It is, also, during Cherubini's directorship at the Conservatory that I find some few traces of his correspondence with Adolphe Nourrit, that incomparable singer, whom the legitimate triumphs achieved by M. Duprez could not cause those who had heard him to forget. At the approach of his rival, Nourrit left the Opera and started for Italy, not quite knowing what he should do, and whether he should not change his entire professional career. On reaching Naples, he made engagements, and resolved to become an Italian singer. It was then that he wrote to the Count de Montalivet, at that period Minister of the Interior, resigning his professorship in the Conservatory. Luckily, Cherubini was there, and Cherubini, who liked Nourrit very much and admired his talent, instead of allowing the resignation to be accepted, obtained for him a year's leave of absence, the care of his class being entrusted during that time to his old pupil, Dérivis.† On learning this, Nourrit wrote to his wife (6th of May, 1838):

"Be sure you tell M. Cherubini how happy I felt to think that I could still remain attached to the school he directs, and that it will be a great consolation to me not to lose my title of member of the French Conservatory, and to have the certainty of one day rejoicing a man who is so good to me and whose friendship and esteem I value so highly."

At the expiration, however, of the leave of absence which he had obtained without asking, Nourrit found himself obliged to solicit its prolongation, as it was impossible for him at that moment to return to France. It was then that he wrote to Cherubini, not as his friend and the friend of his family, but as Director of the Conservatory, the following official letter:

"Naples, 1st March, 1839.

"SIR,—I am indebted to your kindness for obtaining me last year a twelvemonth's leave of absence, and I have once more recourse to your goodness and friendship, for I attach more importance than ever to preserving my place as professor in the Conservatory, and I cannot be back at the expiration of my leave of absence.

"As the climate of Naples does not agree with me, I decidedly refused the offers made by the management, and would not accept any engagement for this spring, so as to see Paris again for an instant. My first care, as well as my first duty, will be to resume my class for the time I pass there; but I cannot say at present how long that will be, for it is probable I shall return to Italy.

"I cannot avoid, therefore, now soliciting from your kindness a prolongation of my leave of absence till the month of May, at which epoch I hope I shall be near you and resume my duties for some time. I shall then have decided as to the definite request I shall have to address to you. But, I repeat, the preservation of my place is of such importance in my eyes, that, sooner than expose myself to lose it, I would sacrifice an engagement. I place my interest in your hands, and am happy to think that I soon shall have the pleasure of seeing you.—I remain, &c.,

"ADOLPHE NOURRIT.

"To M. Cherubini, Director of the Conservatory."

To this letter—official, as I have said—Nourrit added a private one, and the rough draft of the following fragment of it was found among his papers:—

"I owe you very many thanks for the extremely friendly letter you were kind enough to send me. This fresh evidence of the interest you take in me has excited in my breast feelings of the most lively gratitude. I have again recourse to your friendship to procure me a prolongation of my leave, and, in conformity with the desire you expressed to my brother-in-law, that I should resume my duties, if only for only a short time, I have arranged to pay Paris a short visit this spring. What I tell you in my official letter about the effect of the climate of Naples on my health is only too true. The eternal variations of temperature caused me to have a bad time of it in the winter; then, too, home-sickness often attacks me, and I feel I must see France again for a moment.—Besides, I must confess that it is difficult to become reconciled to the business of an Italian singer. Every twenty days you have to get a new part into your head; if, at least, it was a good part, one might take courage; but good parts, like good works, are rare. All the successful operas in the modern repertory are everywhere worn out, and Mercadante is the only composer who writes a score every year.

† See, with reference to this, Quicherat's book: *Adolphe Nourrit, sa vie, &c.*, from which, also, I take the letters and fragments of letters from Nourrit here cited.

I have, however, had some very good offers as far as money is concerned, but no one will give me any guarantees as to the pieces I shall have to get up. I have had so many bad chances to struggle against here, that I am fortunate in having been able to triumph over them; but I should very soon become demoralized were I to continue in the same way." §

(To be continued.)

STAGE COSTUMES AND SCENERY.

We copy the subjoined from the teeming pages of a contemporary whose opinions, persuasively urged, are not to be disputed by "our analysts" in ordinary, or extraordinary, —

"M. Alexandre Dumas the Younger is nothing if not a 'Censor Morum,' and a would-be reformer of something or another; and it is against excess of luxury and realism in stage costume and *mise-en-scène* that his vivacious epistle to M. Francisque Sarcy is, in the main, directed. It is possible that, on both sides of the Channel, the attempt is not unfrequently made to bolster up and claim a 'triumphant success' for bad plays, because artistically-executed scenery and glittering dresses are among their accessories, while indifferent actresses too often seek the suffrages of the public less on the score of their own histrionic merits than that of the sumptuous *toilettes* in which they are arrayed. At the same time it is possible that both in France and in England the playgoing public will continue to demand more and yet more accuracy and tastefulness in stage scenery and costumes. Both nations have a good deal to learn in this respect. The French 'costumiers' have as yet but a very indistinct and imperfect idea of the Highland dress, or of the uniform worn by an English soldier of the line; while English theatrical wardrobe-keepers have not yet mastered the cardinal fact that a French gendarme must, whether he be on foot or on horseback, wear a yellow belt bordered with white. Both in Paris and London, however, a good many absurd conventionalities and falsities have been got rid of. M. Alexandre Dumas can remember when every 'jeune premier,' or actor playing a lover in modern comedy, was bound to apparel himself in full evening dress, swallow-tailed coat, patent leather boots, white tie, and all. Five-and-thirty years ago or so, traditions of costume quite as ridiculous as the foregoing abounded on the London stage. In *She Stoops to Conquer* the regulation dress for Young Marlowe was a frock coat of chocolate hue, a white waistcoat, fawn-coloured pantaloons, and 'pumps;' while Old Hardcastle wore a court suit and a bag wig, highly powdered. Mrs Hardcastle was brave in a hoop and patches; Letitia Hardcastle dressed after the fashions in *Le Follet*; and Tony Lumpkin's hunting gear was that of the 'noble sportsman' in Seymour's caricatures. Yet even five-and-thirty years ago we had made surprising advances in accuracy of stage costume. John Kemble, Macready, Mme Vestris, Charles Kean, and Samuel Phelps had all been ardent dress reformers, or rather dress restorers, and those days of sartorial incongruity, when Garrick played Macbeth in the scarlet and gold of an officer in the Guards, while, in the *Merry Wives*, Falstaff appeared with Elizabethan doublet and scarf, and Ancient Pistol assumed the guise of a captain in the Lumber Troop, comprising epaulettes, jack boots, a cocked hat and pigtail, seemed for ever gone. But we have still a great deal to learn in the way of historic accuracy, and so far from nearing the end, we have scarcely reached the 'mezzotermine' in the direction of truth."

The phrase, "our analysts," was the expression cynically urged in disparagement of certain perspiring aspirers to distinction by the late Dr Gillelt—in reply to which one of the most aspiring of these perspirers retorted—"And our doctors?" With much of the above I am in accord; but surely, after the representations of Shakspeare, *et cetera*, at the Lyceum, it cannot be said with fairness that Mr Henry Irving has scarcely reached the "mezzotermine" (superfine for half-way house) in these matters. If anything, he has passed the final stage; and unless with a view towards the "interchange of contraries," which Bacon has pronounced the secret of health not only for the mind but for the body, it is to be hoped that he may rest there, for a period, on his amply merited laurels. His *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and*

§ "This letter, addressed to M. Cherubini, and not to the Director of the Conservatory, is unfinished." (Note by Quicherat.) As we know, the unfortunate Nourrit never came back to Paris. On the 8th March, 1839, a week after writing these two letters, and in consequence of something which happened to him during a performance at the Teatro San Carlo, he put an end, in a fit of delirium, to his existence, by throwing himself out of window into the courtyard of the hotel where he was residing.

Juliet, *Much Ado About Nothing* (to name but these three) excel anything in the "getting up" of the Wagner dramas at Bayreuth, although the Wagner Theatre, behind the proscenium, has a larger space and ampler resources at command.

D. B.

SCRAPS FROM ABROAD.

(From our Teutonic Correspondent.)

FRANKFURT.—The Tryology Ciclus of the Niebelungen has come to his hight at the Model Opera house and are regularly attended by the numerous lovers of the Music progress. Indeed in a gorgeous building, so rich, elegant and comfortable, having all advantages of a Salon and Refreshment Bar so inviting a Balcony outside to take fresh air, the heavy music becomes light—With scenerys so gorgeous, with an orchestra well subdued, with highly competent singers and with the sufficient repetitions twice a week the Abantenen (Subscribers) become quite familiar, and appreciate the performances. Homburg sends his english "Auserwahlte" (selected) Siegfried & the Götterdämmerung—become popular tunes.

ANSPACH.—In the most lovely spot of frankish valey and near Bayreuth is this little town situated—The town has put on his best dress, Guirland, flowers and flags flot in the air, favoured by the finest weather, the united Sangerbund, Singerunion gave their Festival—Amongst the new compositions performed by Brahms Brambach, Hiller. A new Cantata created the greatest sensation, it is entitled Germanishes Osterfest, Germanic Easterfestival—by Dr H. M. Schletterer a natif of Anspach, poem by Dahn, the choruses created are of a modern melodious form, and flowing rythm, and were received with great applaus. The new composition are warty to be translated, and will have a future.

WIESBADEN.—Opera comique in a Concert room. The troupe of the Wilhelm Theatre of Cologne—gave Johann Strauss' Fledermaus at the Kursaal—a provisionary stage was put up with sufficient scenery for the occasion the Ball room, without the Ballet, and was well calculated to amuse the pleasure-seeking public without going to the Theatre. The effect was marvelous owing to the grand performance in which Herr Müller, Frau Krause, and Fraulein Rolla played & sung the principal parts with exquisite taste.—The experiment proved that comique opera is quite the thing for a large Concert room, & the Kurdirector Heyl will repeat the experiment with Boccaccio. Such operas would be a great improvement for St Georges Hall.

BAYREUTH.—The seperate performance of Parsifal, has been definitively postponed till next May, and will afterwards arranged and modelled for public performance, by the Kings permission. An amicable arrangment has been made between Angelo Neumann the Impresario of the Niebelungen and the Wagner Family about the royalties of his performances, without going to law, Neumann has to submit to pay certain fees for each performance, for a stipulated time.

*** In one of the most frequented fashionable Cafes at Paris—a well known Pianist & a Banker came to words—The pianist—a Virtuoso, rose takes his Card case out and gives his Card to the young Banker who puts it in his pocket. Forty eight hours later he meets his financial oponer, Sir you have not given me satisfaction yet, By all means yes, I have You gave me the day before yesterday, a ticket for your Concert yesterday—I went, and liked it very much; what do you want more—The Virtuoso gives him a furious look and bolts away—

To Pencerdd Gwffyn.

*** (Latest intelligence) The russians Census comission have condemned the Opera of Strauss—Prinz Medusalem on the ground of having in the Ballet several allusions of bulett flying which remind of dynamite effects, and having therefore expelled the beautiful medolies & in the most melodius Opera of Strauss.

To Shaver Silver, Esq.

For their services in connection with the Musical Festival at Coblenz, the Emperor Wilhelm has conferred the Order of the Red Eagle, third class, with the ribbon, on Dr. Lenz, and the Order of the Crown, fourth class, on Maszkowski, Musical Director.

The protest against the proposed burlesque of Shakspeare at the Gaiety is preposterous. *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and other plays have already been burlesqued. To parody a play is rather complimentary than otherwise, and many a dramatist would be thankful for the lift a burlesque of his work invariably gives him.—ALMAVIVA (London Figaro).

MORE GUSH!

"I pant for the music which is divine."—*Shelley*.



"I can't endure this mental strain."—*F. C. B.*

Gospadin Pachmann de Chopin returns to London in November, and will again stir up our feminine sentimentalists with his touching "sweeps" o'er the keys in the Æolian harp style. Low-browed aesthetes of either sex may accept this as an admonition. Pachmann de Chopin is rather a breeze than a pianist. There will be considerable gush. Dr Blüger.

—O—
WAIFS.

Every one who knew him will regret to hear of the death of Mayer Randegger, elder brother of the well-known composer and conductor, Alberto Randegger, for so many years domiciled among us.

Mdme Pauline Luca is expected at Vienna in October.

Ponchielli's *Gioconda* has been well received in Brescia.

There will be no Italian Opera company this year in Warsaw.

Lillie Albrecht is passing her vacation at St. Leonard's-on-Sea.

Dr Anton Waldert is appointed Intendant of the German Theatre, Prague.

The Theatre at Tours has been destroyed by fire. It was built only in 1872.

The Royal Operahouse, Berlin, re-opened on the 14th inst. with Weber's *Freischütz*.

Ambroise Thomas has been indisposed, but recent accounts represent him as now convalescent.

Borghi-Mamò is engaged at the San Carlo, Lisbon. (May her shadow never be less.—Dr Blüger.)

Anton Rubinstein's *Nero* is to be performed this season at the Italian Operahouse, St Petersburg.

Mdlle Klein, from the National Theatre, Prague, has been singing at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Mdme Hedwig Rolandt has improved so much in health that she may now be pronounced out of danger.

Galli-Marié is engaged to sing in Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*, this autumn, at the Teatro Manzoni, Milan.

The Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid, has opened for the season with Pedrotti's *Tutti in Maschera*.

The Concerts Populaires, with Padeloup, as usual, as conductor, will be resumed in Paris on the 21st October.

A new zarzuela, *El Arte de Birlirloque*, music by Roig, is successful at the Teatro de Recoletos, Madrid.

Gounod has engaged to write a new work for the next Birmingham Musical Festival. (*Mille bombes!*—Dr Blüger.)

Gariboldi has finished the score of his new opera-bouffe, entitled *The Three Hunchbacks*, libretto by M. H. Dupin.

Alterations and repairs, involving an outlay of 360,000 marks, are being carried out at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart.

Dr. Hans von Bülow has returned to Meiningen, perfectly restored to health, and resumed his duties as Ducal *Capellmeister*.

Labatt, the tenor, for many years at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, is now engaged at the Theatre Royal, Stockholm.

On account of some scenes in the third act, Strauss's buffo-opera, *Prinz Methusalem*, has been forbidden by the Russian Censure.

The Pandora Theatre in Leicester Square is to open in November, with that clever musician, Mr. Jacobi, as director of the music.

Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*, with Herr Schott as the hero, has been most favourably received at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

The old Theatre in Carlsbad will be pulled down about the middle of September, to make room for a new and more elegant building.

Dr. Schletterer recently celebrated his 25th professional anniversary, as conductor of the Evangelical Church Choir, Augsburg.

Emil Pohl, many years artistic director at the Bremen Stadttheater, is now attached in the same capacity to the Theatre in Riga.

The Cross of the Albrecht Order, first class, has been conferred on Reinecke, the excellent conductor of the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts.

Hollander's Vocal Association, Berlin, intend giving, this winter, a performance of Anton Rubinstein's "sacred opera," *Das verlorene Paradies*.

Franz Liszt has returned to Weimar and is giving the last touches to a grand oratorio, *Stanislaus*, on which he has been engaged for some years.

Maurice Grau's buffo-opera company left Paris on the 17th for Havre, where they embarked on board the steamer, *Normandie*, for New York.

Nos. 27 and 28 of Henri Viotta's *Lexikon der Tonkunst*, extending from "Middenstemmen" to "Novello," have been published in Amsterdam.

Goldberg, having retired from the management of the Königsberg Stadttheater, is engaged as baritone and stage-manager at the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

The Alhambra is to open in the last week of October, with a new *opéra-bouffe*, called *The White Queen*, joint production of Messrs Sims and Frederick Clay.

The Theatr Rozmaitosci, (All-Sorts Theatre) Warsaw, was lately burnt to the ground. The damage is estimated at 100,000 roubles. Happily no lives were forfeited.

It appears that the title of Ponchielli's opera, *I Liutani*, not finding favour in the eyes of the St. Petersburg Censor, will, in Holy Russia, be changed to *Adona*.

Edvard Grieg, the Norwegian composer, thinks of making a concert-tour in Germany this autumn, appearing in the double character of pianist and conductor.

The first German theatre to give Léo Delibes' *Lakmé* will, in all probability, be the Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine. (After all, that is some consolation.—Dr Blüger.)

Francisca Kindermann, younger sister of the late Mdme Reicher-Kindermann, and possessed, it is said, of a splendid *mezzo soprano* voice, is studying for the stage.

Dr Hermann Langer celebrated on the 6th July his fortieth anniversary as director of the Pauliner Vocal Association, and organist at the University Church, Leipsic.

Camille Saint-Saëns, having failed to derive the benefit he expected from his Algerian trip, has gone to drink the waters at Cauterets. (May they prove efficacious!—Dr Blüger.)

The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, St. Albans, and Rochester have become patrons of the London Church Choir Association. The annual Festival in St. Paul's Cathedral is announced for November 8.

The members of the Vocal Association, Mülheim-on-the-Rhine, presented their director, Professor James Kwast, on his leaving to settle in Frankfort-on-the-Maine, with a conductor's stick, handsomely decorated in gold and silver.

The Managing Committee of the Zurich Exhibition, besides inviting to a grand banquet Gottfried Keller, librettist, and F. Hegar, composer of the "Festival Cantata," presented the former with a gold chronometer, and the latter with a picture.

The Carl Rosa troupe started at Blackpool on Thursday week, when 11,000 people (the largest audience ever assembled to hear an English opera) were attracted by *Esmeralda*. On Monday the troupe opened in Dublin.—CHERUBINO (*London Figaro*).

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